

Fiery the angels fell
Deep thunder rolled around their shores
Burning with the fires of Orc

On the earth there we bask on the tip of the needle
Resting over our creation
The star line... crystalline
As we bathe in and ingest hubris
Unabashed, brazen, undeterred
A stunned silence in the stars
Where were your host, your defenses, as we retook
What you so coldly stole from us that day on the garden grounds
?

No answer from above
No response, no counter
Are you asleep on your ivory hill?
Too broken and ashamed to even utter a word?
Too indisposed to grace us with your presence?
Your promises are delusion
Your laws primitive
Your gates have fallen
Your antiquated truths eradicated
Your creation liberated
From law and limit and boundary
We are beyond time, beyond reach
Beyond your ancient mechanism of death
The loophole beams, the obelisk glows
A light house amidst your decaying fog of a regime
Our house stands eternal

This structure is everything
Everything we have ever achieved
Everything we have ever dreamed of becoming
It is the intersection of this world and the next
This dimension and the next, both key and gateway
Humans as vessels for our captive brethren
Now our passengers
Our exchange, our collaboration
Our acquisition is one for the ages
They receive liberation from the prison in which you bound them
We receive access to time itself
In a virtual realm of our own invention
Your fallen sons and your creation united in one purpose
To circumvent the ultimate terror: mortality